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The Ypsi-Sem

VOL. 6

YPSILANTI, MICH., DECEMBER, 1915

No. 4

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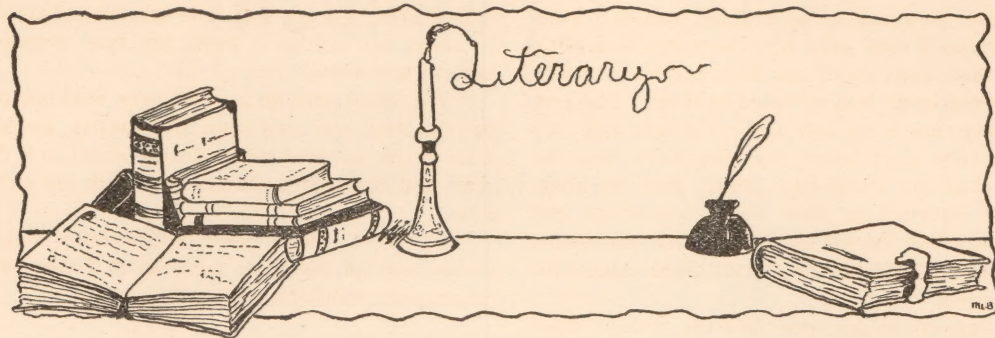
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Mother's Christmas Story

By Olga Lurkins, '18.

Yes, it was Christmas. It had been Christmas all day, from early morning when the children had first bounded out of bed with cries of delight and joy over the things Santa had brought, then the dinner hour and the sleigh ride in the big cutter, up to now when they were all gathered around mother in front of the living-room fire.

How the flames roared! The pine cones seemed to crackle out their welcome to the little group, and the light fell softly on mother's pretty hair. Big brother was in his usual place, on a stool at mother's feet,—big sister on one arm of her chair, baby Ned in her lap, while Ralph was stretched out on the rug, with one arm around old Carlo's neck.

Everyone was silent,—for they knew what was coming. The clock slowly struck the hour of eight,—then Ralph said—"Now, mother,—please." And the mother began the old, old story of the Christ child which she had told every Christmas since big brother was a tiny child.

"A great many years ago, during the reign of King Herod, there was a law that the names of all the Jews should be put down in a book, so that the king might know what tribe each man came from, and how much he was worth. Each Jew was to go to that part of the country where his forefathers had dwelt, and have his name written down in the book at that place.

Now it happened that Joseph, who was a very fine young man, was of the house of David, and so he with his young wife Mary, started for the little town of Bethlehem."

"Oh, mother," broke in little Ned, "did they have a nice new auto to ride in like ours?"

"No, dear, Mary rode on a tiny donkey, and

Joseph walked beside her. It was a very long journey too, and they were very tired and hungry when they finally arrived at Bethlehem. And then they could find no place to stay at the inn, for the rooms were all crowded with people, who, like them, had come to do their king's bidding.

Mary was very faint and weak, and Joseph hurried from place to place, trying to find a shelter in which she might rest. He had almost given up in despair when he came to a little shed which had served as a cows' manger, and here he brought Mary.

That night the little Christ child was born to Mary and Joseph. The mother did not have any fine, soft clothes for her child, only some bands of cloth which she wound around him, and then she placed him softly on the straw in the manger.

Now, in those days, the rich men of the country kept large flocks of sheep and goats, and they hired men to watch over them at night. One night as the shepherds were watching their flocks, suddenly there appeared a great light in the sky, and an angel of the Lord stood before them. They were very frightened at first, but the angel said, "Fear not, for I bring good tidings of great joy to you and all the world. For Christ, the Lord, is born this day in the town of Bethlehem, and this is the way you shall know him. You will find him wrapped in bands of cloth, lying in a little manger."

When the angel had disappeared, the shepherds arose at once, and with beautiful gifts they set out to find the Christ child. They found him, as the angel had said, lying in the

manger, wrapped in swaddling clothes. They worshipped him, gave him their precious gifts, and then went about the town telling everyone what the angel had revealed to them. The people were filled with awe and reverence, and they were very, very happy, for they knew that the savior of the world had come. And the shepherds returned to their flocks, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen. And so the Christ child came into the world."

"And so—so he came into the world," mur-

mured little Ned sleepily, one arm wound tightly about his mother's neck, his face pressed against her breast.

"Yes, dear, and he is still here with all of us who wish him, and then more softly, as the little group hovered more closely about her, "I pray God that I will always stay with my children."

The sweet voice ceased, the firelight shone gently now on the little faces as if it too was echoing the mother's wish.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

By Katherine French, 18.

"My Dear Philip:—

"Don and I are, as you probably know, going to Europe for Don's health. We do not want to take little Marion with us for two reasons. First, because she is too young, and then, as the expense is so great we do not feel that we can afford it. And so I want to ask you a favor. May she come and live with you and Gilbert until Christmas? I know this is a good deal to ask of two such old bachelors but,—etc., etc.

Philip stared at the letter. "Marion to live in this house." Goodness (how old was the child? Nine, at the oldest! What would such a child do in their bachelor establishment? No! of course this was out of the question! Here, for a wonder, his brother and the housekeeper agreed, and for once, one question in the family was settled without rather heated discussion.

The next morning, as Philip was wording a perfectly polite, but somewhat cool letter to his sister-in-law, regarding the boarding place for her child for the winter, a rap was heard at the door. A prim maid opened it, and received a yellow envelope. This she brought to Mr. Barnes.

"Called away suddenly. Marion reaches Boston 3:30, Monday. Letter following.

GLADYS."

Philip gasped, read the telegram again, and when he finally discovered that he was not dreaming, he went in search of his brother.

But, as there was nothing else to do, the limousine was sent to the great station, to meet Marion, who was to travel with a certain Mrs. Briggs.

The entire family was nervously lined up

in the hall to meet this formidable personage, on Monday. Marion, as she came up the steps, made a rush at the nearest footman, and greeted him with, "Oh, Uncle Philip! I'd know you anywhere by what mother told me! And, making a rush at a second footman, "And Uncle Gil—may I call you that? Daddy told me so much about you that I could never mistake you!"

The rather bewildered footmen explained that they were not the Messrs. Barnes, but that those worthy gentlemen were to be found in the hall. Hastily apologizing for her mistake, Marion ran into the house and gave the astonished brothers their first embraces for years. Then the rigid housekeeper, Henrietta Collings, received a joyful hug, also.

By this time the entire household was in such a turmoil that Henrietta decided it best to remove the disturbance, so, with a silencing frown, she bade the child, "Follow me!" She led Marion to a plain little room on the third floor, where, much to the child's delight, she found some old books of her father's.

"Oh! I'm so happy!" she cried.

Henrietta did not reply. Maybe the "happiness" made the housekeeper's conscience prick a little. At any rate, the very next day Mrs. Collings began to prepare a little room on the second floor for her new charge. This, of course, delighted Marion, and many of her new friends at school were immediately invited "over" to see it. Poor Henrietta could not quite understand this, but decided that, as it caused her spotless house not a little disorder, she ought to speak to Philip about it.

At first, Philip was inclined to be angry,

but when he thought of his little niece's happiness, he replied crossly, "Well, what if they do cause a litter? I'm paying you to keep my house in order, am I not?" With this, he ignored the irate housekeeper, and turned once more to his paper, and, of course, there was nothing for her to do but to carry out his orders.

But not always was Philip so amiable, as was shown one day when Marion appeared with two kittens and a dog. It was growing chilly now, and, she explained gravely, she was afraid that they were catching cold out of doors. But, amid tears and fruitless pleadings on Marion's part, and strict orders that no other animal should be brought home, on Philips, the kittens and puppy were once more turned out.

Thus, Marion lived with the two old bachelors and the old maid. There were none of the pettings that her mother had bestowed upon her. In fact, she often wondered if her uncles would ever love her, for the longer she stayed, the crosser they became. They were cross to her when she was with them, but crosser to anybody who was unlucky enough to be around, when they wanted her and she was not there.

Marion began early to count the days until Christmas, when "Santa and Mother, and Daddy would come." First, it was forty-seven days; later only forty, and so on until only two short weeks remained before the festival day of the whole Christian world.

Christmas was never observed in the Barnes household. The two men regarded it as foolishness, and Henrietta didn't think much of anything pleasant.

No one noticed Marion much in those two weeks. If they had, they probably would have seen her dodge about the house when she saw anyone coming. One day she crept up timidly to Henrietta.

"Do you think Uncle Gil would like this?" she asked wistfully.

Henrietta saw a crude little box of hard, gaudy, candies, with a card saying, "Marry Christmas to Uncle Gil from Marion."

The housekeeper's sharp eyes grew dim. She thought of the struggle Marion had made to fashion the box from bits of colored paper, and the careful saving of the pennies to buy the candy. She felt this all the more when she saw a loosely tied bunch of papers—"for Uncle Philip's shaving." However, she said nothing

about this feeling to Marion, only assured her that her gifts would be greatly appreciated by her uncles. But, as she started for the kitchen, her eyes brightened, and she stepped to the telephone instead.

Marion showed her uncles a little bag of slazy silk "for my Hen's tatting." Gilbert and Philip carefully avoided each other's eyes, but that afternoon, Peter, a spry gentleman, went to town, and Gilbert had an entirely new piece of work for Boggs, his valet, to do.

On the twenty-third of December, Marion brought a pencil and paper, and began her annual letter to Santa Claus.

This was the letter:

"Dear Santy—

"I want a doll's bed, and a doll's trunk. I'd like a muff like Susie Green's, but I asked Hen about it, and she said only rich folks could have them. Please, Santy, pretend I'm rich, just this once.

"Give my love to Mrs. Santy.

"Marion Grace Barnes."

Philip found this letter the next morning, stuck in a conspicuous place near the fireplace. He only grunted, but his eyes softened and he muttered to himself for the next ten minutes.

Gilbert noticed it, read it through, and he also grunted, but when in the privacy of his den, laughed delightedly, and went to a cupboard to make sure that the door was locked.

Henrietta saw it, and read it, but she took it away with her, smiling mysteriously.

The next night—Christmas Eve—about eleven o'clock, a shadowy figure moved about the fireplace by a tiny stocking. A small tree, trimmed for Christmas, stood by the fireplace.

The stocking was empty.

With deft movements, a fat orange was squeezed into the toe, and a shower of sugar plumbs followed. The tiny stocking was stuffed to the brim by the sympathetic housekeeper, and then a pretty doll must needs finish off the top.

Everything was very still! The old clock ticked on the stairs, and the moon threw a pale radiance on the glittering tree. Suddenly the stairs creaked.

The cautious Henrietta stood, frozen with horror! Burglars! And on Christmas Eve! A dark figure glided into the room. It came nearer, and nearer. Finally, the pale moonbeams lighted up its features. Philip was

standing by the tree with his arms full of bundles.

A second figure approached from the dining room. Gilbert came stealthily into the room. The astonished men behold the equally astounded housekeeper.

"Well," remarked Henrietta.

"Hummn," was Philip's comment.

But Gilbert said nothing.

They looked from one to the other, grinned sheepishly, looked at the floor, then at their arms.

"Well, she had to have some Christmas," apologized Uncle Gil.

"Yes, and if we don't get to work, she won't yet," remarked the practical Henrietta.

So the little tree was piled with gifts, and the midnight "Santa Clauses" filed away to bed once more.

The next morning "Merry Christmases" floated through the house, and the spirit of Christmas in the form of a little child, reigned supreme.

Our First Community Christmas Tree

Last year the idea of having a community Christmas tree was considered but too late in the season for the idea to be carried out the same year. This year there is to be one.

To digress a little I might say that the idea is only three years old, but has been adopted in more than one hundred cities already, and many more are giving it serious consideration. A young man while abroad during the Christmas season saw the many gay and joyous preparations going on for the most festive season of the year. Seeing these his thots naturally reverted to his native land and as a result he became homesick. So homesick in fact that then and there he resolved to himself that if he ever reached home again he would have a large Christmas tree to which he would invite all of the lonely rich and poor.

A philanthropic woman heard of his scheme, approved of it, and determined to have it adopted on a larger scale. We now see the result of her work.

The tree selected for Ypsilanti is one of the evergreen trees on the High School grounds. The electric company has kindly offered to furnish the current to light the tree, and the citizens are going to trim it. The teachers, various organizations of the High School, business men, and different clubs of the city are generously going down deep into their pockets to defray the expenses of decorating it.

A youth had been asked to write examples of the indicative, subjunctive and an exclamatory sentence. This is what he produced:

"I am trying to pass an English examination. If I answer twenty-five questions I shall pass. If I answer twelve I may pass. Heaven help me!"

The tree will be lighted eight nights or from Christmas Eve to January first. Besides the beauty of the tree with its myriad lights twinkling against the dark background of the tree and sky which will be sure to please the children, there will be an added attraction in the form of Christmas carols that will be sung on Christmas Eve by the High School choir and Glee Clubs.

The purpose of the plan is to spread the real, true, Christmas spirit, just as it was first intended. The heart to heart, handshake, shoulder-touching-shoulder feeling. To bring the whole city out of its shell and make high and low, rich and poor, men, women, and the "kiddies" have a never-to-be-forgotten good time. It is also designed to do away with the practice which giving and receiving has degenerated into during later years. The idea that you must give just as good a present as was given to you and try and make it a little better if you can. This is not in accordance with the beginning of it. The gifts should come directly from the heart and be received in like spirit. Value should receive no consideration. In a word the purpose is to hold up the principle that Christmas is not a season but a feeling.

Somehow not only for Christmas,

But all the long year thru,

The joy that you give to others,

Is the joy that comes back to you.

Does your son play the piano by ear? Mr. Breakey. "Why, no. He uses both hands and feet. But I don't think he has learned to use his ears yet?"

If you have anything to say to a mule, say it to his face.



EDITORIALS

CHRISTMAS

A Merry Christmas to the faculty, students—Freshmen included—and to everybody. To say that we wish you all the best kind of a Christmas with bulky, bulging stockings, and knobby, curious packages, would be putting it too mildly. It has been said though that the result is spoiled by making a statement too emphatic. So we will stop, hoping that you will believe what we have said.

In the rush, hurry, excitement and pleasure of receiving and giving presents—notice receiving was placed first—we forget what it would naturally be expected that we would think about. We forget the real source and origin of Christmas, altho for many years after the originating event transpired it was not dreamed that there would ever be such a thing as Christmas.

Nineteen hundred and fifteen years ago in the dusky twilight of the twenty-fifth day of December, a beautiful dark-eyed young woman was riding on a plodding donkey which was led by her husband along the dusty road that wound ribbon-like to the city of Bethlehem. After diligent inquiry the husband found to his dismay that there was no room obtainable in the Inn. A stableman, taking pity on the young wife, offered them a shelter, scarcely more, in a stall in the barn.

That night a child was born to them—but what is the use of our continuing the story. The reader doubtless knows it better than we do. How the words of a humble man, who was the child just mentioned, uttered during the last three or four years of his life, have been "heard around the world." They were the words that gave Saint Paul the courage to die by being lowered into boiling oil, that made the Crusaders follow King Richard to die on the scorching plains of the Holy Land, that nerved the Pilgrims to confront the dangers of immigration to this country, that cheered the Patriots in 1775, that gave freedom to the slaves in 1865, and lastly that have made thousands of men cast aside the thot of self and help their fellowmen. In the great world crisis

now going on most of the warring nations are being strengthened by words spoken centuries ago.

Talk about the seven wonders of the world, marvel at the accomplishments of science if you wish, but then compare these marvels and wonders to the effects of words spoken during the last part of a man's life of long ago, and they will become insignificant. Some men talk all their lives and then do not say anything. Is it any wonder that we celebrate Christmas.

THE SPIRIT THAT WINS.

Be a booster, not a knocker
In the interests of your town;
For the booster is a builder
While the knocker's tearing down.

There's a place reserved in Heaven
For the man who'll build and boost;
But the gent who's' always knocking
Has to go elsewhere to roost.

Where has the spirit that wins gone in regard to the various organizations of the school? Did you join the P. L. S. or the Y. and then proceed to forget it? When the announcements of the meetings are put on the board in Room B with the words "All come" underlined, do you pass it by as being less important than going down town perhaps? Surely there is trouble or shirking somewhere when we hear so few responses at roll call. Such a state of affairs is exasperating to the officers and especially is it embarrassing when they have asked students in the school or people from outside to have some part on the program.

The spirit shown by the school in regard to football has been all that could have been asked for and other schools may well follow such an example, but how about the organization spirit? Perhaps you started out all bright and glowing with that enthusiasm which, with a nod and a smile, soon made its departure leaving you enrolled in probably all of the school societies. Then after a few weeks when the real work began, you suddenly lost interest and

could be heard making remarks to the effect that "they didn't do anything anyway." Perhaps it is being altogether to matter-of-fact to say that "feeds" seem to be the only magnet that can draw out the crowd to a meeting, yet it is nevertheless true. We must not let this be the case any longer, however. We must show that the Y. H. S. has the right spirit, not only in football but also in the boosting of its organizations all the year thru.

FOOL OR HERO?

Mr. Henry Ford, who sprang into prominence a few years ago as an automobile manufacturer, was severely criticized at his first attempt in making a good machine. He has made his critics smile on the other side of their faces. Now he has undertaken another scheme which has caused him to be criticized and gossiped about severely. His scheme of going to Europe in a peace ship has and is being ridiculed, called a fruitless undertaking, and a wild goose chase. The idea that he can stop the war! It is even said that he has gone because it is a good advertisement. It will be noticed that Mr. Ford does not advertise to any extent in the magazines. He does not need to. The Ford cars are everywhere and advertise themselves. Surely on second thought this idea will be rejected.

In the first place Mr. Ford has not gone to Europe with a plan in his pocket for stopping the war. He is not going to demand that the belligerents cease fighting. He has too much common sense to make such a foolish demand. His idea is to get the topic of peace into circulation among men and the nations. Peace is the thing most desired and at the same time the thing least talked about. If he can get the peace idea before the nations and get them to thinking seriously about it, he will have accomplished a great deal of what he set out to do. He is going to establish a court to which all nations may come and receive a friendly hand and a chance for beneficial discussion.

Mr. Ford has made all arrangements to stay in Europe until the war is over. He is willing to give up his life if necessary. Whether he accomplishes his purpose or not, such a heroic attempt ought to receive our most heartfelt thanks. In our estimation no praise is too high for a man who is willing to do such an unselfish and noble act. We sincerely hope that he may succeed.

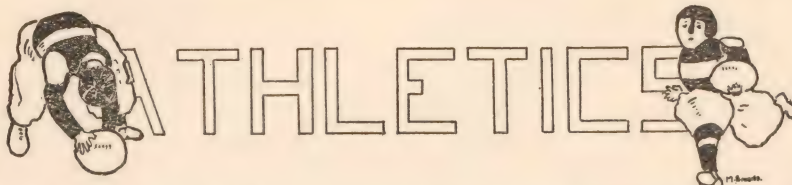
STRAIGHTEN UP

Our school days are many and the hours that we spend sitting in the school room are long. Perhaps we do not realize this for we soon get used to being indoors so long a time. The average student takes very little exercise and indeed does not take time to think about standing erectly, breathing deeply or having sufficient exercise. These are essentials which must not be overlooked altho we know from the observance of those around us that most of the students are disregarding these principles of health. We sit slid down or humped over in the seats and when we rise to pass from one class to another we seem to forget to "straighten up." That phrase sounds familiar, doesn't it? You see, other people realize that you are round-shouldered, even if you don't. How often we hear the words, "straighten up" at home and, though we make a feeble attempt to do so, we too easily slip back into our old habit at school. As you hurry along to school do you bend your head down in order to avoid the wind? Are you afraid of the air with which you should fill your lungs and thus purify your blood. Most of us would have to answer "Yes" to these questions, but we all know what the right answer should be.

Our school did not have the good fortune to be equipped with a gymnasium or any other like facilities, but an effort has been made to make up for this to some extent, at least. Basketball is open to every student in the school. Here is a fine chance for that necessary exercise. Get into the game now! Put some energy into that unambitious, lifeless gait of yours. Get some of nature's coloring on your cheeks. All together now! Too few out of a school of this size are playing basketball. Get out and perhaps help win some points for your class toward the cup and some vigor for yourself. Perhaps you don't know that people in other parts of the country regard Michigan as the state with strong, healthy-looking people. Well, they do, and from the appearance of most of us we are not meriting such a compliment. But it is one which we may well be proud of and we should do our best to be worthy of it.

Lu. Walters being served with soup in a small restaurant, made the remark on taking his first teaspoonful, "My but I like soup."

Chorus from the adjoining table, "Yes, we hear you do."



Y. H. S.—0. D. C. R.—0.

The final game of Ypsi's most successful season was played with Detroit Central Reserves on November 20th. When the game started a sharp wind was blowing across the field; it soon started to snow, which not only made the ball hard to hold but difficulty was experienced by the players in keeping their feet. Captain Wolters kicked off and the ball see-sawed back and forth in the middle of the field. On account of the mud it was found almost impossible to advance the ball. The first half ended without a score and the game was well on toward the close when a punt was blocked and Ypsi found herself on Central's 5-yard line. Four plays carried it over, but the ball was fumbled when over the line and Central recovered. The game ended shortly after with the score a tie, 0-0.

The school's recognition of the players' work was shown when the "Y's" and "R's" were awarded to the members of the first and second teams by Prof. Ross. The following received "Y's": Captain Wolters, Cooney, Platt, Bird, Green, Banks, Haydon, Miller, Beranek, Lamkin, Rogers, Carpenter, Stockdale, F. Wolters and Gale. Those receiving "R's" were: Emery, Kirk, Ponton, Myers, Post, Snyder, Hayward, Truesdell, Powell, Cooney and Forsythe.

On Wednesday evening, November 24, the girls, who had purchased season tickets, gave a dinner for the members of the football squad. After a most enjoyable feed, the toastmistress, Marion Riggs, called for a few speeches which were admirably responded to. The fellows thank the girls most heartily for the feed and hope that as they further excell in domestic science they will afford the fellows other chances to "sample their wares."

With the starting of basket-ball a new rule was enforced, that everyone, both boys and girls, who participate in the game must have a certificate of good health from a doctor. Practice has been started with the girls on

Monday and Wednesday and with the boys on Tuesday Thursday and Friday afternoons. Much enthusiasm has been shown by the students, as a large number have "turned out" for all teams. As usual there will be class games, but the boys will also play interscholastic games. The prospects for a good team are favorable as four of last year's letter men are out. They are: Green, Wolters, Haydon and Banks. A good fight is being put up for each position and, with the excellent coaching by Mr. Walpole, Y. H. S. ought to put a team on the floor that it will be proud of.

Although the Basket Ball schedule is not completed the few games which are already scheduled are:

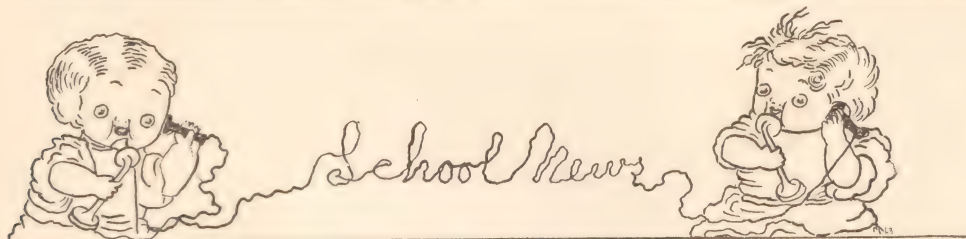
Jan. 7.	Detroit Northwestern.....	Detroit
Jan. 14.	Milan	Milan
Feb. 14.	Chelsea	Chelsea
Feb. 16.	Ann Arbor Reserves.....	Ann Arbor
Feb. 18.	Milan	Ypsi
Mar. 3.	Chelsea	Ypsi
Mar. 10.	Ann Arbor Reserves	Ypsi
Mar. 17.	Highland Park	Ypsi

NATIONAL CHAMPION FOOTBALL TEAM.

Ypsi High played Detroit Central and scored on them. Detroit Central played Everett High for the national championship. The game resulted in 0-0. Therefore, Everett did not score on Detroit Central. Since Ypsi was the only one to score on Central, Ypsi is the champion of the U. S.

Malcolm MacGregor has entered the U. of M. this fall. Last year he attended Kenyon College.

Little boy.
Little seat.
Little girl.
Pair ó' feet.
Little aisle.
Gentle fall.
High School Freshman.
That's all.



CHAPEL NEWS.

Wednesday, November 24.—Exercises were opened with the singing of "America," after which the choir sang the Thanksgiving anthem, "The Voyage of the Mayflower."

Then with bated breath we listened to Mr. Ross report the result of the ticket selling contest. It was as follows: Seniors, first; Juniors, second; Sophomores, third, and Freshmen last.

Mr. Morris made a short speech and then presented Clarence Ponton, John Hubbard and Morgan Axford with the debate pins they had won by participation in last year's debate with Detroit Central.

President Wilson's thanksgiving proclamation was read by Mr. Morris. President McKenny of the Normal College was the speaker for the morning and he talked on a Thanksgiving theme. He summed up his talk by saying that we should be especially thankful for four things: First, that America is at peace; second, that in America there is religious freedom; third, that all classes are equal in America; and fourth for the good fortune that has made our land and its people what they are today.

The school showed that it still had some pep left from the football season for there was much cheering during the exercises.

December 1.—The familiar hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy," was sung by the choir. Mr. Fred Anderson delighted the school with three vocal solos. Mr. Anderson is a former graduate of Ypsilanti High School and during the past five years has been touring Europe. We were glad to know that he has promised to come here again and tell us about some of his experiences abroad.

There was quite a line-up of speakers for the morning for the fellows, who had attended the conference at Kalamazoo November 26, 27, and 28, made reports. Those who spoke were Percy Vernon, Raymond Augustus, La Vern Hagle, James Breakey, Gerald Gale, Floyd Matthews, Hilary Jefferson, Owen Cleary and

Roy Bird. We were glad to have the school so well represented at the conference.

December 8.—Chapel was opened with the song, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," by the choir.

A short talk by Mr. Morris followed. The main thought was, "Get acquainted with your teachers." He said that we should make friends with our teachers, talk over our lessons with them and find out where we stood in regard to our studies. He praised the team saying that this might be considered one of the most successful seasons. He quoted Tom Shenlan, one time coach at Yale, who says that "Life and football consist not so much in having a good hand but in playing a poor hand well." Mr. Ross made a short speech commending the team and the spirit which had been shown by all the players. Then the letters were awarded. In closing Mr. Ross said that the teams were to be honored for their clean lives and words.

December 15.—First a Christmas carol was sung by the choir. Then Mr. Morris made an explanation concerning the first community Christmas tree which Ypsilanti is to have this year. Further details will be found elsewhere in the Sem. It was announced that a Christmas bazaar planned by the girls of the domestic science department would be held Friday and Saturday, December 17 and 18 in the store building next to the First National Bank.

The choir sang the anthem, "Sleep, Holy Babe," after which Mr. Arbaugh urged us to advertise at home and among our friends both the bazaar and the Christmas tree. He said that the bazaar is under Miss Swaine's supervision and that the proceeds would be used to buy an appropriate dining set for the domestic science rooms in the new school.

Mr. Arbaugh introduced Rev. Robert W. Bagnall, graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and rector of St. Matthew's Episcopal church, Detroit, who addressed us on the theme, "Leadership."



A Senior class meeting was held Dec. 6 in Room A during the five-minute period. It was decided that each member of the class who played basketball should receive at the end of the year the numerals 1916. Not many of the Senior girls have come out for basketball and more are cordially invited. The class games will soon begin. Those already playing are: Irene McQueen, Grace Riley, Alice Anderson, Annabel Ruddick, Marion Holmes, Florence Painter, Lucy Harwick, Marie Stein.

Raymond Augustus was absent from school the Monday after his return from the Kalamazoo conference. The only reason he can give for his non-appearance is that he had no porter to wake him up, and so overslept.

Lester Miller, a former member of the Senior class, is teaching school in the country in the absence of Miss Wilson.

Irene McQueen spent the week-end with Esther Haas so that they might celebrate their birthdays together.

Clarence Ponton, Miss Minnard, and John Hubbard attended the impersonation of "Lord Chumley" by Leland Powers at the Pease Auditorium.

James Breaky has been absent from the class for several days, and everyone will be glad to welcome him back.

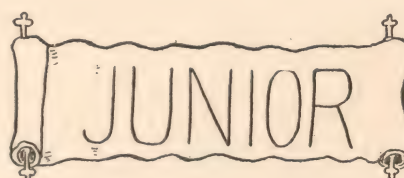
The romance still continues, but as Ben King once said:

"But love when it loves, in private should love,

For it's there that love most is admired,
And the two lovey-likes, who don't care where
they love,

Make the public most mightily tired."

The Senior class have a right to feel proud over their victory in the selling of tickets to the "Rose Maiden." It will be an inspiration to them to make the most of their Senior year in High School in every way. The total amount of money put in was \$80.50; and the Seniors are glad to think that in after years, the later generations of the High School can remember them, as the class whose numerals decorate the picture in the front hall of the new building.



A letter to the Class of '17 was received from its former president Dayton Wilde, who is now living in Texas. The letter was read to the class by the secretary on December 9, during the fifteen minute period. The class was much pleased to hear from Mr. Wilde and voted to send both him and Miss Nielsen, who is also a former resident, Christmas greetings.

The members of the Junior class had a contest between the boys and girls during the sale of tickets for the Rose Maiden. The losers were to give the winners a feed. The girls won by three tickets, consequently on December 3, they were given a splendid feed in the laboratory.

The boys outdid themselves in their efforts to serve the girls royally, even furnishing real tablecloths, a fact unprecedented in the history of laboratory feeds.

Besides the class, several of the faculty were present, including Mr. and Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Walpole and Mr. and Mrs. Arbaugh.

The basket-ball practice has begun, and the Juniors are showing their spirit by responding in large numbers.

F. Allen, F. Haydon, P. Hayward, M. Axford, L. Wolters, R. Knight.

The girls are especially enthusiastic and feel greatly encouraged by the large numbers who come out for every practice. Last year there were enough girls for only one team, but this year they are more than making up for lost time. The girls practicing are: H. Montgomery, Captain; R. Freeman, F. Merriman, L. Camp, G. Perry, M. Wyckoff, A. Williamson, E. Monk, and I. Lutz.

Dorothy Arbaugh attended the M. S. N. C.-Hillsdale debate at the Normal Friday evening, December 10.

Irene Lutz motored to Detroit November 27.

Juanita Staib spent Thanksgiving in Saline.

Helen Dusbiber spent Thanksgiving in Detroit.

Margaret Wyckoff was an Ann Arbor visitor November 24.

Juniors!!! Please pay your class dues Now.



A close contest between all four classes was the cause of much excitement during the last few weeks. The class which sold the most tickets to the concert held at Pease Auditorium was to have their numerals put on the large picture which is to be hung in the new school. This was announced in chapel and tickets were on sale immediately after. The Sophomores held a short class meeting to arouse enthusiasm. It served its purpose well, and for the most part of the contest the Sophomores were second only to the Seniors. But the Juniors finally forged ahead, giving the Sophomores the place of third. The Sophomores sold fifty dollars' worth of tickets.

The basket ball season has opened and among the players are the following Sophomores: Boys, Paul Lampkin, Bernard Kirk, Baird Leeson, George Beranek, Edward Van Riper, Amos Snyder, William Arbaugh, Elmer Stitt and Allen Rust. Girls, Lucile Love, Mildred Horn, Ellen Hopkins, Thelma Smith, Margery Wilber, "Joe" James, Marjorie Sweet and Ruth Bowen.

On Wednesday, December 8, when the football boys were awarded their Y's and H's, the Sophomores had a right to be proud. Five members of their class received Y's, and three R's'. Those receiving Y's were Paul Lampkin, George Beranek, Alton Miller, Carl Stockdale, and Fred Wolters. Those receiving R's were Bernard Kirk, Charles Truesdell and James Forsythe.

Herbert Sample and Alton Miller attended the football game between Central and Everett High on December 4, 1915.

A Sophomore party will no doubt be held soon after we move into the new building. The Sophomores anticipate with great joy the fact that they can have more room and consequently more fun than they could, had they held their party now, as some members wanted to.

Doris Greene—"What made the tower of Pisa lean?"

Grace Burton—"Why—er,—it was built in time of famine."



Duane Lurkins spent his Thanksgiving in Owosso with his brother.

William Lyons has been absent from school for several days because of a cold.

James Moore was absent one-half day on account of illness.

Harold McCormick was absent for several days on account of injuries sustained from a smash-up on the good roads. Harold's auto collided with another car, the driver of which was unknown.

Hilary Jefferson was the only Freshman from this High School who attended the Older Boys' conference at Kalamazoo.

The Freshmen are not discouraged because of their defeat in the contest of selling tickets to the Rose Maiden. They expect to do better in the future. In all the Freshmen took in \$48.65.

A recent report of the Secretary-Treasurer shows a balance of \$9.50 in the treasury. This means class dues!!!

Daniel Jewell was absent from school Monday, December 6, on account of illness.

Dean Ament was in Detroit lately. Shopping? What did you buy "her" for Christmas?

Samuel Richardson spent Sunday in Detroit.

Ralph Lydke was absent from school on account of illness.

Marion Owen was absent Friday, December 10. She preferred to spend the day in Detroit. Shopping, too?

Duane Lurkins became ill Friday. The only way to account for his pain is the fact that there was an algebra test that hour.

William Meyers returned to school Monday, December 13. He has had an abscess in his ear. The Freshmen are glad to see him again in their ranks.

So far only five—Helen Beranek, Helen Perry, Phyllis Norris and Norma Dolby and Dorothy Strong have turned out for practice. The girls must help the boys win the cup. The Freshmen boys will have a good team. Some practical players came down from the Normal.



Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. still has its benefits and good times. The "Y" sent two fellows, Raymond Augustus and Percy Vernon, to the Kalamazoo conference. They gave a report in chapel, and gave some idea of the greatness of the Y. M. C. A. in Michigan. We have the largest in the U. S. The second meeting of the month was a football meeting. Plenty of ice cream was served, and some of the football fellows talked on football and clean athletics

Y. W. C. A.

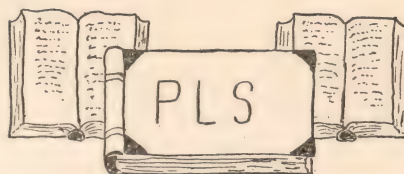
The Thanksgiving meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held November 23rd in the first grade room. Miss Margaret Scott of the Normal Y. W. C. A. sang two solos. After the roll call the Y. W. C. A. quartet sang a Thanksgiving song.

Miss Smith of the Normal Library gave a talk on "Happier Days." It consisted of short descriptions of Europe at peace and at the outbreak of war.

A regular meeting of the organization was held in Room B, December 2nd. Miss Bowen gave the first Bible study lesson. The topic was, "All the Kingdoms of the World." The chairman of the social service committee distributed dolls among the girls to be dressed for the hospital children for Christmas.



A ceremonial meeting of the Camp Fire was to be held last Friday, but, on account of the illness of Miss Steere, it was postponed until next Friday. The honor beads have come, and the decorating beads for the headbands. The girls have nearly finished their dresses, and the Camp Fire work is well under way. Two girls will join at the ceremonial meeting—Marjorie Sweet, and Lucy Harwick. Both are very enthusiastic about the Camp Fire.



Tuesday, December 7, a short meeting was held to decide about the continuance of Parliamentary law. It was decided to drop the matter until after Christmas, on account of the fact that there is so much else in which the girls are interested just now that the attendance was very small.

Thursday, December 9, the P. L. S. held a social meeting in the chapel. The program committee served hot chocolate and wafers. The girls amused themselves by composing rhymes which were very entertaining to the others. Everyone reported an enjoyable time and the P. L. S. hopes for another such meeting later.

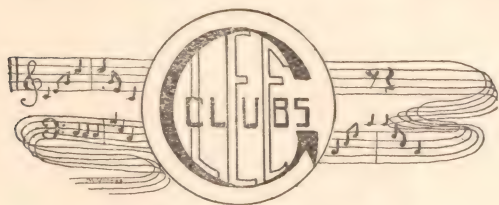


A special meeting of the H. of R. was held Nov. 25, 1915. The purpose of this meeting was to elect a delegate to act as substitute to Representative Ponton, who was unable to attend the Kalamazoo conference. Rep. Glen Banks was chosen in his place.

An attempt was made to allow one and one-half minutes for discussion after the previous question had been called, but was voted down.

A second special meeting was called at 3:15 November 27, 1915. Rep. Gerald Gale was chosen to act as delegate to Kalamazoo in place of Glen Banks.

A regular meeting of the House was held December 7, 1915. After the minutes had been read and approved and the reports of the committees heard, the debates were taken up. Two debates were zealously conducted. A motion was made to elect Mr. Frazer an honorary member, but it was declared unconstitutional. Only two honorary members are allowed by the constitution. Mr. Morris and Mr. Walpole are already filling these places.



BOYS' GLEE CLUB.

The Club has started off in earnest since the close of football season, and under the presidency of Mr. Louis Walter, bears the prospect of having a good year. Two rehearsals are held nearly every week, on Mondays and Wednesdays. The popularity of the "Winter Song" by Bullard which the club sang last year, prompted the purchase of another song this year by the same composer. It is the "Sword of Ferrara," a Spanish song with a catchy swing.

"Farewell to the Forest," by Mendelssohn and "Chloe," a popular plantation melody, will also be used. The humorous side of glee club music will not be neglected and already some music of this nature has been procured.

A new method of eligibility for membership is being tried out this year,—all prospective members being asked to sign the constitution at the outset. For a short period prospects are on probation but when approved by the director are given full membership. This enables a larger number to try out and still keeps out of the club fellows with voices which do not blend well with the group.

On December 16th the club sang at the joint meeting of the Y. M. and Y. W.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

The Girls' Glee Club has been reorganized and about twelve new members voted in. The officers have been elected according to the new constitution which has been written by the girls. The officers are as follows:

President—Irene Owen.

Vice-President—Hazel Alban.

Secretary and Treasurer—Genevieve Nulan.

They all agreed to have social meetings, which will probably be held every two weeks on Saturday afternoon at the homes of the different girls.

On November 30th they held the initiation at Irene Owen's where all, with the exception

of the new members, had a pleasant time. The next social meeting was a theatre party at the Martha Washington given by Miss Murphy. The third was held on Wednesday, December 15th, at the home of Marjorie Sweet. This also ended in a theatre party at the Martha Washington.

They have not done as much this year as they had done at the same time last year, but after the holidays they expect to begin the work again, having more time. Although they have not as yet sung publicly they hope to be able to, after Christmas.

JUNIORS.

Gertrude Meanwell spent the week-end of November 26 in Detroit.

Clara Schmid spent Thanksgiving with Velma Ensign at her home in New Baltimore.

Aileen Clark and Irene Owen spent the week-end of December 4th at the latter's home near Belleville.

Juniors!!! If you have been somewhere or done something, report it to Florence Merri-man. She is your class reporter.

FRESHMEN.

The Freshmen Girls are asked to turn out for Basketball.

Duane Lurkins will spend his Christmas vacation in Owosso.

Donald McLouth will have his teeth mended in Ann Arbor this vacation. The Freshmen extend to him their warmest sympathy.

THE HOME STRETCH.

Just a few weeks now before we start on the second term of the school year. How are we going to finish the first semester? Our work during the next few weeks will tell and many of us need to make the most of our time. We sincerely hope that it will not mean a long siege of cramming but rather a systematic review of the work. In the preparation and recitation of each day's lesson we may lose something of its relation with those that have gone before. A review will give a general survey and we will be able to put things in their proper order. Don't fail in this final lap—make ready in all your studies and be ready to stand the test when it comes and to start right on the work of the coming semester.



Carl Miller (In English—reading)—“It was a large vessel. By the rig I judge her to be a-a-a-a—”

Miss Minnard—“Barque”

Still he hesitated.

Miss M.—“Barque”

Finally he shouted “Bow-wow!”

Miss Cooper—Mr. Banks, what is the meaning of A. M.?

Glenn—“After midnight.”

Mr. Walpole—Mr. Bursha, give a sentence which has the word decomposition in it.

G. B.—“De-composition on coal is very good.”

Percy Vernon—“Do you know anything about the language of flowers?”

Bill Cooney—“Only this much—a five-dollar box of roses talks a heap louder to a girl than a fifty-cent bunch of carnations.”

M. Brooks—(to specialist)—“When I sing I get tears in my eyes. What can I do for this?”

Specialist—“Stuff cotton in your ears.”

Mr. Schneider going into his stable one day recently found his son William astride a horse, with a paper and pencil in his hand.

“Why William!” he exclaimed, “What are you doing?”

Bill—“Writing a composition,”

Father—“Well, why don’t you write it in the house?”

B. S.—“Miss Minnard told me to write a composition on a horse.”

Mr. Morris in English Class—

“Mr. Schneider, what are the five senses?”

Bill—“Our five senses are: Sneezing, crying, yawning, coughing, and sometimes snoring.”

“How was your speech received in H. of R.?”

G. Beranek—“When I sat down they said it was the best thing I’d ever done.”

Mr. Steere—“Arithmetic is a science of truth. Figures can’t lie. For instance, if one man can build a house in 12 days, 12 men can build it in 1 day.”

“Yes,” interrupted Eugene Allen. “Then 288 will build it in one hour, 17,280 in one minute, and 1,036,800 in one second. And I don’t believe they could lay one brick in that time. And if 1 ship can cross the Atlantic in 6 days, 6 ships can cross it in 1 day. I don’t believe that, either; so where’s the truth in arithmetic?”

H. Augustus—“What is the difference between cigarette smoke and a cyclone?”

T. Gale—“I don’t know; what is the difference?”

H. A.—“One a man blows thru his nose; the other he knows thru its blows.”

Miss Laird—“Wie kommst der, Herr?”

Birdie—“Nobody, I comb it myself.”

Dion Green—“You seem in a deep study. A penny for your thoughts, Ponton.”

Ponton—“Oh, I’m a rapid thinker and have 500 thoughts at once. Pass me a fiver, please.”

Miss Roberts—“How was Lincoln killed, and where did you find your authority?”

Raymond A.—“Lincoln was shot, in the encyclopedia.”

Altha Williamson—“I want a pair of shoe-laces.”

Clerk—“How long do you want them?”

Altha—“Why, ’till they wear out,”



IS PAID HIGH TRIBUTE.

In speaking of William McAndrew and his report upon the Elementary Schools of Brooklyn, the Journal of Education says editorially: "If any school man has ever made a nobler use of any educational opportunity than Mr. McAndrew has made of the first report made by him as Division Superintendent, we have not discovered the man or the report. Since the time of Horace Mann, seventy years ago, no one has written a more virile report than this, so far as our study of reports has gone."

Mr. McAndrew has had many educational honors conferred upon him while in New York, among them a call to Detroit as superintendent of public schools. He declined, however, to remain in the East. It is interesting to note that Mr. McAndrew is from Ypsilanti and was both a graduate of the high school and a student of the Normal College.

Charlotte Garton is a nurse at the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

Mable Grimston is teaching near Manchester, where she has taught since her graduation.

Edward Sweet was married to Florence Vliet this summer.

Harry Baker is located at Troy, Montana. He writes:

"I love the old school and I look back to the time when I was a student laboring (?) within its walls; and I can see the teachers as plainly as though it were yesterday."

"I wish to congratulate the faculty and high school students in their work; for every department with which I am familiar seems stimulated to best efforts. The Alumni Association is going ahead in such an aggressive and business like manner; the High School paper is far better than the one edited in my day, and I am sure that every alumnus can point with pride to his school and say that it is up to date in every detail."

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"Yes, Siam."

"Well, I'll Fiji."

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This month we acknowledge the receipt of the following papers:

"Helios," Central H. S., Grand Rapids—Your paper deserves nothing but praise. The November cover design is very attractive. We hope to see you often.

"Rayen Record," Youngstown, Ohio.—A very interesting paper.

"High School Life," Chicago, Ill.—Your stories are always good.

"The Beacon," Western H. S., Detroit, Mich.—The poem for Hallowe'en was fine. Your cuts are also good.

"Observer," Petoskey, Mich.—A good little paper. Try to get a few more cuts and it would make your paper much more attractive.

"The Gleeman," Bellevue, Pa.—This is a new exchange and we are glad to see you. Why not have a page for School News?

"The X-Rays," Columbus, Ohio.—We would suggest that you have a few more stories in your literary department. Aside from that, your paper is fine.

"The Comet," Milwaukee, Wis.—Always good. We can offer no suggestion.

"Observer," Decatur, Ill.—Your High School calendar is good.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"Ypsi Sem"—We suggest more stories in your literary department. Your jokes are good and your material is well put together.—Helios, Grand Rapids.

"The Ypsi Sem" contains some very clever verses. The parody on "Tipperary" is especially good.—"The Beacon."

Ypsi. Sem:—We received your paper for the first time and are indeed pleased with it, but would suggest that you have a larger literary department.—Monroe H. S. Bugle.

The Ypsi Sem:—A very well organized paper.—Retina, Waite H. S., Toledo, Ohio.

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